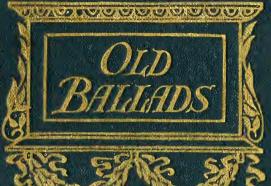
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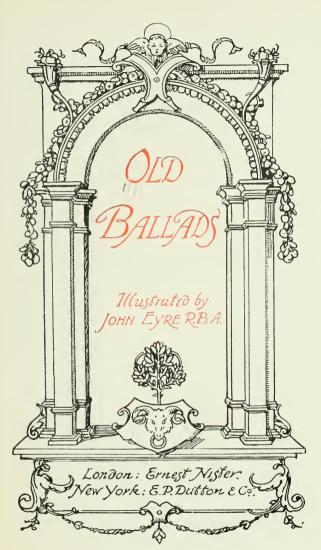
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## CONTENTS.

						I	PAGE
Come, Lasses and Lads							
Comin' Thro' the Rye							10
Cherry-Ripe							$I \cdot I$
Annie Laurie							12
Robin Adáir							14
Molly Bawn							15
Go, HAPPY Rose!							16
THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D							18
ALICE GRAY							20
Home, Sweet Home							22
John Anderson, My Jo							23
My PRETTY JANE							25
Rock'd in the Cradle							27
THE MINSTREL BOY .							28
ON THE BANKS OF ALLA	N I	$V_{\Lambda}$	ТЕ	R			30
AULD LANG SYNE							32
WITHIN A MILE OF EDI							34
THE NIGHT-PIECE TO JU							
Tom Bowling							
My Love is Like the							
WIDOW MALONE							
THE JOLLY YOUNG WAT							
CALLER HERRIN'							

	PAGE
A HUNTING WE WILL GO	55
Hearts of Oak	58
THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN .	60
THE BAY OF BISCAY O!	65
Black-Eyed Susan	68
Duncan Gray	73
THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON	77
THE MILLER OF DEE	82
THE ANGEL'S WHISPER	84
SIMON THE CELLARER	87
Auld Robin Gray	91
Bonnie Dundee	97
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY	100
KITTY OF COLERAINE	106
HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL	
Fifteen	108
THE LEATHER BOTTEL	112
Woodman, Spare that Tree	124
THE TOKEN	126
O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST .	128
THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE	130
LOVELY NAN	133
THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL	136
TELL ME NOT, SWEET	139
SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES	140
O NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME? .	
D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?	145



COME, LASSES AND LADS.

COME, lasses and lads,
get leave of your dads,
And away to the Maypole hie,
For ev'ry fair has a sweetheart there,
And the fiddler 's standing by;

For Willy shall dance with Jane, And Johnny has got his Joan, To trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down!

"You're out," says Dick; "not I," says Nick,
"'Twas the fiddler play'd it wrong;"
"'Tis true," says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says ev'ry one.
The fiddler than began
To play the tune again,
And ev'ry girl did trip it, trip it,
Trip it to the men!

Then, after an hour, they went to a bow'r,
And play'd for ale and cakes;
And kisses too,—until they were due,
The lasses held the stakes.
The girls did then begin
To quarrel with the men,
And bade them take their kisses back,
And give them their own again!

"Good-night," says Harry;

"good-night," says Mary;

"Good-night," says Poll to John;

"Good-night," says Sue

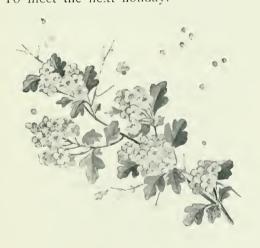
to her sweetheart Hugh;

"Good-night," says ev'ry one.

Some walk'd and some did run,

Some loiter'd on the way,

And bound themselves by kisses twelve, To meet the next holiday.





### COMING THRO' THE RYE.

G<sup>IN</sup> a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Ilka lassie has her laddic,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet a' the lads they smile at me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body meet a body,
Need a body frown?

Ilka lassie has, etc.

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel';
But what his name, or whaur his hame,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie has, etc. Anon.

#### CHERRY-RIPE.

CHERRY-RIPE, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land or cherry isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year, where cherries grow.

Herrick.

#### ANNIE LAURIE.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true;
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doun and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Iler throat is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her ee;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet;
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's all the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.



#### ROBIN ADAIR.

WHAT'S this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.

What was't I wish'd to see,
What wish'd to hear?

Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heav'n on earth?

Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.

But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.

Yet he I lov'd so well

Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

#### MOLLY BAWN.

OH, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely, waiting here for you?

While the stars above are brightly shining,
Because they've nothing else to do.

The flowers late were open keeping,
To try a rival blush with you;

But their mother, Nature, set them sleeping,
With their rosy faces wash'd with dew.

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,
All lonely, waiting here for you?

Now the pretty flowers were made to bloom, dear, And the pretty stars were made to shine; And the pretty girls were made for the boys, dear, And may be you were made for mine: The wicked watch dog here is snarling, He takes me for a thicf, you see; For he knows I'd steal you, Molly, darling, And then transported I should be.

Oh, Molly Bawn, why leave me pining, All lonely, waiting here for you?

Samuel Lower.

## GO, HAPPY ROSE!

 $G^{\bigcirc}$ , happy Rose! and interwove With other flowers, bind my love. Tell her, too, she must not be Longer flowing, longer free, That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, it she's fretful, I have bands
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands;
Tell her, if she struggle still,
I have myrtle rods at will,
For to tame though not to kill.



Take thou my blessing thus, and go,
And tell her this,—but do not so!

Lest a handsome anger fly

Like a lightning from her eye,

And burn thee up as well as I.

Herrick

#### THE ANCHOR'S WEIGH'D.

THE tear fell gently from her eye,
When last we parted on the shore;
My bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
To think I ne'er might see her more.
"Dear youth," she cried,

"and canst thou haste away? My heart will break; a little moment stay. Alas, I cannot, I cannot part from thee, The anchor's weigh'd,

farewell! remember me."

that heart like thine!"

"Weep not, my love," I trembling said,
"Doubt not a constant heart like mine;
I ne'er can meet another maid,
Whose charms can fix

"Go, then," she cried,

"but let thy constant mind
Oft think of her you leave in tears behind."
"Dear maid, this last embrace

my pledge shall be!

The anchor's weigh'd!

farewell! remember me."

S. 7. Arnold,



#### ALICE GRAY.

SHE'S all my fancy painted her,
She's lovely, she's divine;
But her heart it is another's,
She never can be mine;
Yet lov'd I as man never lov'd,
A love without decay,
Oh! my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray!

Her dark brown hair is braided
O'er a brow of spotless white;
Her soft blue eye now languishes,
Now flashes with delight;
Her hair is braided not for me,
The eye is turned away;
Yet, my heart, my heart is breaking
For the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun,
And trembled in the blast;
But my pilgrimage is nearly done,
The weary conflict's past:



And when the green sod wraps my grave,
May pity haply say,
Oh! his heart, his heart is broken
For the love of Alice Gray.

William Mee.



## HOME, SWEET HOME.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,

there's no place like home! A charm from the skies

seems to hallow us there, Which, seek thro' the world,

is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home! An exile from home splendour dazzles in vain,

Oh! give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!

The birds singing gaily that came at my call, Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home! There's no place like home! There's no place like home!

J. Howard Payne.

## JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON, my Jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snaw;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my Jo.

John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And monie a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo.

Burns (New Version).





## MY PRETTY JANE.

Ah! never, never look so shy;
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,
And I will buy the ring;
The lads and maids in favours white
And village bells shall ring.
The spring is waning fast, my love,
The corn is in the ear,
The summer nights are coming, love,
The moon shines bright and clear.
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!
Ah! never look so shy,
But meet me in the evening,
While the bloom is on the rye.

Edward Fitzbail.



# ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

ROCK'D in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure, I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call,
For Thou dost note the sparrow's fall,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine; Or though the tempest's fiery breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death! In ocean cave still safe with Thee, The germ of immortality; And calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. Willard.



THE MINSTREL BOY.

THE Minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!"

The Minstrel fell!—but the foeman's chain Could not bring his proud soul under; The harp he loved ne'er spoke again, For he tore its cords asunder; And said, "No chains shall sully thee, Thou soul of love and bravery! Thy songs were made for the brave and free, They shall never sound in slavery!"

Thomas Moore.





## ON THE BANKS OF JALLAN WATER.

ON the banks of Allan Water,
When the sweet
Springtime did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
The fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he:
On the banks of Allan Water,
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water. When brown Autumn spreads its store, Then I saw the miller's daughter, But she smiled no more: For the Summer grief had brought her. And the soldier false was he; On the banks of Allan Water, None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water. When the Winter snow fell fast, Still was seen the miller's daughter, Chilling blew the blast. But the miller's lovely daughter, Both from cold and care was free: On the banks of Allan Water, There a corpse lav she. M. G. Lewis.



### AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

#### CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup' o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
From mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught,
For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

For auld, etc. Burns.

## WITHIN A MILE OF EDINBURGH TOWN.

TWAS within a mile of Edinburgh town,
In the rosy time of the year;
Sweet flowers bloom'd,

and the grass was down,
And each shepherd woo'd his dear.
Bonnie Jocky, blythe and gay,
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay:
The lassic blush'd, and frowning cried,
"No, no, it will not do;
I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,
manna buckle to."

Jocky was a wag that never would wed, Though long he had follow'd the lass:





Contented she earn'd

and eat her brown bread,

And merrily turn'd up the grass.

Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,

Won her heart right merrily:

Yet still she blush'd, and frowning cried,

"No, no, it will not do;

I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,

manna buckle to."

But when he vow'd he would

make her his bride,

Though his flocks and herds

were not few,

She gave him her hand, and a kiss beside,

And vow'd she'd for ever be true.

Bonnie Jocky, blythe and free,

Won her heart right merrily:

At church she no more frowning cried,

"No, no, it will not do;

I canna, canna, wonna, wonna,

manna buckle to."

### THE NIGHT-PIECE TO JULIA.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee.

Thus, thus to come unto me:

And when I shall meet

Thy silv'ry feet,

My soul I'll pour into thee.

Herrick.





### TOM BOWLING.

HERE, a sheer hulk,
lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear
the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;

Faithful below he did his duty, But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many
and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing
so blithe and jolly;
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom
find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's
crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.

Thus Death, who kings
and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Charles Dibdin,

# MY LOVE IS LIKE THE RED RED ROSE.

MY love is like the red red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.



But, fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile;
And I will come again, my dear,
Though 'twere ten thousand mile.

Burns.



### WIDOW MALONE.

DID you hear of the Widow Malone,
Ohone!

Who lived in the town of Athlone!
Ohone!
Oh, she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the Widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more,
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store;
From the minister down
To the clerk of the crown,
All were courting the Widow Malone,
Ohone!
All were courting the Widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,

'Twas known,

That no one could see her alone,

Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,

They could ne'er catch her eye,

So bashful the Widow Malone,

Ohone!

So bashful the Widow Malone.

Till one Mister O'Brien, from Clare,—
How quare!
It's little for blushing they care
Down there,



Put his arm round her waist—
Gave ten kisses at laste—
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone,
My own!
"Oh," says he, "you're my Molly Malone."

And the widow they all thought so shy,

My eye!

Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh, For why?

But "Lucius," says she,
"Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Mary Malone,
Ohone!

You may marry your Mary Malone."

There's a moral contained in my song, Not wrong,

And one comfort, it's not very long,

But strong,—

If for widows you die,

Learn to kiss, not to sigh,

for they're all like sweet Mistress M

For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone, Ohone!

Oh, they're all like sweet Mistress Malone.

Charles Lever.

## THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN.

A<sup>ND</sup> did you ne'er hear of a jolly young waterman, Who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply?

And he feathered his oars

with such skill and dexterity,

Winning each heart and

delighting each eye.

He look'd so neat,

and he row'd so steadily,

The maidens all flock'd

in his boat so readily;

And he eyed the young rogues

with so charming an air,





That this waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.



What sights of fine folks

he oft row'd in his wherry!

'Twas clean'd out so nice,

and so painted withal;

He was always first oars

when the fine city ladies

In a party to Ranelagh went,

or Vauxhall.

And oftentimes would they

be giggling and leering,

But 'twas all one to Tom

their gibing and jeering;

For loving or liking he little did care,

For this waterman ne'er

was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how

strangely things happen,

As he row'd along,

thinking of nothing at all,

He was ply'd by a damsel

so lovely and charming,

That she smil'd, and so straightway

in love he did fall.

And would this young damsel

but banish his sorrow,

He'd wed her to-night,

and not wait till to-morrow;

And how should this

waterman ever know care,

When, married, was never in want of a fair.

Charles Dibdin.





#### CALLER HERRIN'.

WHA'LL buy caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
new drawn frae the Forth.
When ye were sleeping on your pillows,

Dreamt ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they face the billows,
A' to fill our woven willows.
Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',

new drawn frae the Forth. Caller herrin', caller herrin'.

An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Toss their heads and screw their faces;
Buy my caller herrin',
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',

new drawn frae the Forth.

Noo neebor wives, come, tent my tellin', When the bonnie fish ye're sellin' At a word be aye your dealin', Truth will stand when a' things failin';

Buy my caller herrin', They're bonnie fish and halesome farin'; Buy my caller herrin',

new drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin',
Buy my caller herrin',
Ye little ken their worth.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Caller herrin', caller herrin'.

Lady Nairne.





#### A HUNTING WE WILL GO.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay:
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows;
You cannot hunt to-day."
Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,

Their steeds they soundly switch;

Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,

And some thrown in the ditch.

Yet a hunting we will go.



Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting we will go.

Fond echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry;
The woods, the hills the sound retort,
And music fills the sky.
When a hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
And a drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters, in the morn
Prepare then for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn
And health with sport embrace.
When a hunting we do go.

Henry Fielding.



#### HEARTS OF OAK.

COME, cheer up, my lads!

'tis to glory we steer,

To add something more

to this wonderful year:

To honour we call you,

not press you like slaves;

For who are so free

as the sons of the waves?

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Gallant tars are our men;

We always are ready:

Steady, boys, steady!

We'll fight and we'll conquer

again and again.





We ne'er see our foes

but we wish them to stay;

They never see us but

they wish us away;

If they run, why, we follow,

or run them ashore;

For if they won't fight us,

we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, etc.

Britannia triumphant,

her ships sweep the sea;

Her standard is Justice-

her watchword, "Be free!"

Then cheer up, my lads!

with one heart let us sing,

"Our soldiers, our sailors,

our statesmen, and king."

Hearts of oak, etc.

David Garrick.

## THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

l'LL sing you a good old song,
Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman,
Who had an old estate;
And who kept up his old mansion
At a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate—
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around With pikes, and guns, and bows, And swords and good old bucklers That had stood against old foes; 'Twas there "his worship" sat in state, In doublet and trunk hose,



And quaff'd his cup of good old sack

To warm his good old nose—

Like a fine old English gentleman,

All of the olden time.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,
He open'd his house to all;
And though three-score and ten his years,
He featly led the ball.
Nor was the houseless wanderer
E'er driven from his hall;
For while he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small—
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight,
And years roll swiftly by;
And autumn's falling leaves proclaim'd
The old man—he must die!
He laid him down quite tranquilly,
Gave up his latest sigh;
And mournful stillness reign'd around,
And tears bedew'd each eye—
For this good old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.





Now, surely this is better far

Than all the new parade

Of theatres and fancy balls,

"At home" and masquerade!

And much more economical,

For all his bills were paid,

Then leave your new vagaries quite,

And take up the old trade—

Of a fine old English gentleman,

All of the olden time.

Anon.

# THE BAY OF BISCAY O!

LOUD roared the dreadful thunder!
The rain a deluge showers!
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers!
The night, both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Now dashed upon the billow,
Our op'ning timbers creak;
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak!
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

At length the wished-for morrow
Broke through the hazy sky;
Absorbed in silent sorrow,
Each heaved the bitter sigh;
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay O!

Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When Heaven, all-bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent!

A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers!
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay O!

Andrew Cherry,



#### BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came on board:
"Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among your crew?"

William, who high upon the yard,
Rocked by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord glides swiftly
through his glowing hands,
And, quick as lightning,
on the deck he stands.





So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest:
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"Oh, Susan! Susan! lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain;

Let me kiss off that falling tear,

We only part to meet again:

Change as ye list, ye winds!

my heart shall be

The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landsmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They tell thee—sailors when away
In every port a mistress find!
Yes, yes, believe them
when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

"If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,

Thy skin in ivory so white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some

charm of lovely Sue.



"Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet free from harms,
William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls
that round me fly,

Lest precious tears should
drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosoms spread;

No longer must she stay on board:

They kissed, she sighed,

he hung his head.

Her lessening boat, unwilling, rows to land;

"Adieu!" she cried, and waved her lily hand.

## DUNCAN GRAY.

DUNCAN Grey came here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Maggie coost' her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,

Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh; Ha, ha, the wooing o't.



Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee?
She may gae to—France for me,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes let doctors tell.

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Meg grew sick—as he grew well,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Something in her bosom wrings,

For relief a sigh she brings;

And O, her een, they spak sic things!

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan couldna be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;

Now they're crouse and cantie baith,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Burns,



# THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON.

THERE was a youth,

and a well-beloved youth,

And he was a squire's son;

He loved the bailiff's daughter dear

That lived in Islington.

Yet she was coy, and would not believe
That he did love her so.

No; nor at any time would she
Any countenance to him show.

But when his friends did understand
His fond and foolish mind,
They sent him up to fair London
An apprentice for to bind.

And when he had been seven long years,
And never his love could see:
"Many a tear have I shed for her sake,
When she little thought of me."



Then all the maids of Islington
Went forth to sport and play,
All but the bailiff's daughter dear—
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,
And put on ragged attire,
And to fair London she would go,
Her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the high road, The weather being hot and dry, She sat her down upon a green bank, And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,
Pray tell me where you were born?"

"At Islington kind sir" said she

"At Islington, kind sir," said she,
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I pr'ythee, sweetheart, then tell to me, O tell me, whether you know The bailiff's daughter of Islington?" "She is dead, sir, long ago." "If she be dead, then take my horse, My saddle and bridle also;



For I will into some far countrie, Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,
She standeth by thy side:
She is here alive, she is not dead—
And ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefore!

For now I have found my own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."



# THE MILLER OF DEE.

THERE was a jolly miller
once lived on the river Dee,
He danced and sang
from morn till night,
no lark so blithe as he;
And this the burden of his song
for ever used to be:
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
if nobody cares for me.

"I live by my mill, God bless her!
she's kindred, child, and wife;
I would not change my station
for any other in life.
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,
e'er had a groat from me,
I care for nobody, no, not I,
it nobody cares for me."





When spring begins his merry career,
oh! how his heart grows gay;
No summer's drought alarms
his fears, nor winter's cold decay;
No foresight mars the miller's joy,
who's wont to sing and say:
"Let others toil from year to year,
I live from day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,

let us rejoice and sing,

The days of youth are made for glee,

and time is on the wing;

This song shall pass from me to thee,

along the jovial ring,

Let heart and voice and all agree

to say, "Long live the King!"

Isaac Bickerstaffe.

#### THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A BABY was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far
on the wild raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, "Dermot, darling,
oh come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered,
The baby still slumbered.
And smiled in her face,
as she bended her knee;
Oh! bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels
are whispering with thee.



And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh, pray to them softly,
my baby, with me,
And say thou would'st rather
They watch'd o'er thy father!
For I know that the angels
are whispering with thee.

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy
her babe's father to see,
And closely caressing
Her child with a blessing,
Said, "I knew that the angels
were whispering with thee."

Samuel Lover.



## SIMON THE CELLARER.

OLD Simon the Cellarer
keeps a large store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,
And Cyprus and who can say
how many more?
For a chary old soul is he,
A chary old soul is he;
Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail,
And all the year round
there is brewing of ale;
Yet he never aileth,
he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober

six flagons a day:

But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew How oft the black Jack

to his lips doth go;

But ho! ho! his nose doth shew How oft the black Jack

to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits

in her own still-room,

And a Matron sage is she;

From thence oft at Curfew

is wafted a fume,

She says it is Rosemarie,

She says it is Rosemarie;

But there's a small cupboard

behind the back stair,

And the maids say they often see

Margery there.

Now, Margery says that she

grows very old

And must take a something

to keep out the cold!

But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know Where many a flask of his best doth go; But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know Where many a flask of his best doth go.



Old Simon reclines in his
high-back'd chair,
And talks about taking a wife;
And Margery often is heard to declare
She ought to be settled in life,
She ought to be settled in life;

But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,

And she's not very handsome, and not very young;

So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,

And Simon he brews
him a tankard instead;
While ho! ho!

he will chuckle and crow, What! marry old Margery? no no, no! While ho! ho! ho!

he will chuckle and crow, What! marry old Margery? no, no, no!

W. H. Bellamy.





# AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld,
and the kye at hame.

And a' the warld to sleep are gane.

The waes o' my heart fa'
in showers frae my ee,
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel,

and socht me for his bride;

But, saving a croun,

he had naething else beside.

To mak that croun a pund

young Jamie gaed to sea,

And the croun and the pund

were baith for me.

He hadna been awa a week but only twa, When my mother she fell sick,

and the cow was stown awa;

My father brak his arm,

and young Jamie at the sea,

And auld Robin Gray cam' a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work

and my mother couldna spin;

I toiled day and nicht,

but their bread I couldna win;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith,

and, wi' tears in his ee,

Said, "Jennie, for their sakes,

oh, marry me!"





My heart it said nay,

for I look'd for Jamie back;

But the wind it blew high,

and the ship it was a wreck;

The ship it was a wreck-

why didna Jamie dee?

Or why do I live to say, Wae's me?

My father argued sair,

my mother didna speak,

But she lookit in my face

till my heart was like to break;

Sae they gied him my hand,

though my heart was in the sea;

And auld Robin Gray

was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife

a week but only four,

When, sitting sae mournfully

at the door,

I saw my Jamie's wraith,

for I couldna think it he,

Till he said, "I'm come back

for to marry thee."

Oh, sair did we greet and

muckle did we say,
We took but ae kiss and we tore

ourselves away;
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to dee;
And why do I live to say, Wae's me?

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I daurna think on Jamie,

for that wad be a sin.

But I'll do my best a gude wife to be

But I'll do my best a gude wife to be, For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

Lady Anne Lindsay.

### BONNIE DUNDEE.

To the lords of Convention,

'twas Claverhouse spoke,

Ere the king's crown go down

there are crowns to be broke;

Then each cavalier

who loves honour and me,

Let him follow the bonnets

of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup,

come fill up my can,

Come saddle my horses

and call out my men,

Unhook the west port,

and let us gae free,

For it's up with the bonnets

of Bonnic Dundee.

Dundee he is mounted,

he rides up the street,

The bells they ring backward,

the drums they are beat,



But the Provost (douce man) said,

"Just e'en let it be,

For the town is well rid o'

that deil o' Dundee."

Come fill up my cup,

come fill up my can, etc.

There are hills beyond Pentland,
and lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the south,
there are chiefs in the north,
There are brave Dunevassals,
three thousand times three,
Will cry hey! for the bonnets
of Bonnie Dundee.
Come fill up my cup,
come fill up my can, etc.

Then awa' to the hills,

to the lea, to the rocks:

Ere I own an usurper I'll crouch wi' the fox;

And tremble, false Whigs,

in the midst of your glee

Ye hae no seen the last

of my bonnets and me.

Come fill up my cup,

come fill up my can, etc.

Sir Walter Scett.

#### SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

OF all the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em.
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.





When she is by, I leave my work (I love her so sincerely),
My master comes, like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his belly full,
I'll bear it all for Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,

I dearly love but one day;
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday.

For then I'm dress'd all in my best,

To walk abroad with Sally:

She is the darling of my heart,

And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named.

I leave the church in sermon time,
And slink away to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.



When Christmas comes about again,
Oh! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all
I'll give it to my honey.

I would it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally:
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all

Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave, and row a galley.
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh! then I'll marry Sally:
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley.

Henry Carey.



## KITTY OF COLERAINE.

AS beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk
from the fair of Coleraine,
When she saw me she stumbled,
the pitcher it tumbled,
And all the sweet buttermilk
water'd the plain.

"Oh, what shall I do now?

"Twas looking at you, now;
Sure, sure, such a pitcher

I'll ne'er meet again.
"Twas the pride of my dairy,

O Barnay M'Leary,
You're sent as a plague

to the girls of Coleraine!





I sat down beside her,
and gently did chide her,
That such a misfortune
should give her such pain.



A kiss then I gave her,

before I did leave her,

She vow'd for such pleasure

she'd break it again.

'Twas haymaking season,

I can't tell the reason—

Misfortunes will never come

single, that's plain—

For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster

The devil a pitcher

was whole in Coleraine.

Edward Lysaght.

# HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN.

Now to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Now to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty:
Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass—
I warrant she'll prove
an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer,

whose dimples we prize,

Now to the damsel with none, sir;

Here's to the girl

with a pair of blue eyes,

And now to the nymph

with but one, sir:



Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass—

I warrant she'll prove

an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid

with a bosom of snow,

Now to her that's

as brown as a berry;

Here's to the wife

with a face full of woe,

And now to the damsel that's merry:

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass—

I warrant she'll prove

an excuse for the glass.

For let her be clumsy,
or let her be slim,
Young or ancient,
I care not a feather;

So fill up a bumper,
nay, fill to the brim,

And let us e'en toast 'em together:

Let the toast pass,

Drink to the lass —

I warrant she'll prove

an excuse for the glass.

R. B. Sheridan,





## THE LEATHER BOTTEL.

TWAS God above
that made all things,
The heav'ns, the earth,
and all therein:
The ships that on
the sea do swim
To guard from foes
that none come in;

And let them all do what they can,
'Twas for one end—
the use of man.



So I wish in heav'n
his soul may dwell
That first found out
the leather bottèl.

Now, what do you
say to these cans of wood?

Oh, no, in faith
they cannot be good;

For if the bearer
fall by the way,

Why, on the ground
your liquor doth lay;

But had it been
in a leather bottèl,

Although he had fallen
all had been well.

So I wish in heav'n
his soul may dwell

That first found out

Then what do you say
to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have
no praise of mine;

the leather bottèl.

For if you chance
to touch the brim,

Down falls the liquor
and all therein.

But had it been in
a leather bottèl,

And the stopple in,
all had been well.

So I wish in heav'n
his soul may dwell

That first found out
the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say
to these black pots three?

If a man and his wife
should not agree,
Why, they'll tug and pull
till their liquor doth spill;
In a leather bottel they may
tug their fill,

And pull away till
their hearts do ake,
And yet their liquor
no harm can take.



So I wish in heav'n

his soul may dwell

That first found out

the leather bot tèl.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine? Oh, they shall have

no praise of mine;

For when a lord

is about to dine,

And sends them to be

filled with wine,

The man with the flagon doth run away,

Because it is silver most gallant and gay.

So I wish in heav'n his soul may dwell

That first found out

the leather bottèl.

A leather bottèl

we know is good,

Far better than glasses

or cans of wood;

For when a man's

at work in the field
Your glasses and pots no

comfort will yield;
But a good leather

bottèl standing by
Will raise his spirits

whenever he's dry.

So I wish in heav'n

his soul may dwell

That first found out

the leather bottèl

At noon the haymakers
sit them down,
To drink from their bottles
of ale nut-brown;
In summer, too, when
the weather is warm,
A good bottle full will do
them no harm.





Then the lads and
the lasses begin to tottle,
But what would they
do without this bottle?



So I wish in heav'n

his soul may dwell

That first found out

the leather bottèl.

There's never a lord,
an earl, or knight,
But in this bottle
doth take delight;
For when he's hunting
of the deer
He oft doth wish
for a bottle of beer.
Likewise the man
that works in the wood,
A bottle of beer will
oft do him good.
So I wish in heav'n
his soul may dwell
That first found out

And when the bottle

at last grows old,

And will good liquor

no longer hold,

the leather bottèl.

Out of the side you

may take a clout,

To mend your shoes

when they're worn out;

Or take and hang it

up on a pin,

'Twill serve to put hinges

and old things in.

So I wish in heav'n

his soul may dwell

That first found out

the leather bottèl.





## WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

WOODMAN, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough—
In youth it shelter'd me,
And I'll protect it now.
Twas my forefather's hand
That placed it near his cot.
There, woodman, let it stand,
Thy axe shall harm it not.
That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
Say, wouldst thou hack it down?

Woodman, forbear thy stroke,
Cut not its earth-bound ties—
Oh, spare that aged oak,
Now, towering to the skies.
Oft, when a careless child,
Beneath its shade I heard
The wood-notes sweet and wild,
Of many a forest bird.
By mother kiss'd me here,
My father press'd my hand,
I ask thee, with a tear,
Oh, let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling,

Close at thy bark, old friend—

Here shall the wild bird sing,

And still thy branches bend.

Old tree, the storm still brave,

And, woodman, leave the spot—

While I've a hand to save

Thy axe shall harm it not.

General G. P. Morris.

#### THE TOKEN.

THE breeze was fresh, the ship in stays,
Each breaker hush'd, the shore a haze,
When Jack no more on duty call'd,
His true love's tokens overhaul'd;
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender motto, writ so fair,
Upon his 'bacco-box he views,
Nancy the poet, love the muse.
"If you loves I, as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

The storm, that like a shapeless wreek, Had strew'd with rigging all the deck. That tars for sharks had giv'n a feast, And left the ship a hulk—had ceas'd:



When Jack, as with his messmates dear, He shared the grog their hearts to cheer, Took from his 'bacco-box a quid, And spell'd for comfort on the lid. "If you loves I, as I loves you, No pair so happy as we two."

The voyage,—that had been long and hard, But that had yielded full reward,
And brought each sailor to his friend
Happy and rich—was at an end:
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore:
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried, and seized the yielding maid,
"If you loves I, as I loves you,
No pair so happy as we two."

C. Dibdin.

### O, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

O, WERT thou in the cauld blast,
On yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee.
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
She bleak and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there,
Or were I monarch o' the globe,
Wi' thee to reign,
The brightest jewel in my crown,
Wad be my queen.

Burns.



# THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

COME live with me
and be my love,
And we will all
the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves,
and hills and fields,
The woods or steepy
mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds
feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.





And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd o'er
with leaves of myrtle;



A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty
lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy-buds, With coral clasps and amber studs, And if these pleasures may thee move, Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing For thy delight each May morning, If these delights thy mind may move, Then live with me and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe.





LOVELY NAN.

SWEET is the ship, that, under sail
Spreads her white bosom to the gale;
Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;
Sweet to poise the lab'ring oar

That tugs us to our native shore,

When the boatswain pipes

the barge to man;

Sweet sailing with a fav'ring breeze;

But oh! much sweeter than all these,

Is Jack's delight, his lovely Nan.



The needle faithful to the north,

To show of constancy the worth,

A curious lesson teaches man;

The needle time may rust, a squall capsize
the binnacle and all,

Let seamanship do all it can;
My love in worth shall higher rise!
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize,
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,
To moan their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty with a spotless heart,
By manners love to show the man,
To sail through life by honour's breeze;
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

C. Dibdin.



#### THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.

O<sup>X</sup> Richmond Hill there lives a lass
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass—
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine—
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,
And wanton through the grove,
Oh, whisper to my charming fair,
I'd die for her I love!

How happy will the shepherd be
Who calls this nymph his own!
Oh, may her choice be fix'd on me?
Mine's fix'd on her alone.

James Upton.







#### TELL ME NOT, SWEET.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

Richard Lovelace.

## SHE WORE A WREATH OF ROSES.

SHE wore a wreath of roses
that night when first we met,
Her lovely face was smiling
beneath her curls of jet;
Her footsteps had the lightness,
her voice the joyous tone,
The tokens of a youthful heart
where sorrow is unknown.
I saw her but a moment,
yet methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of summer flowers
upon her snowy brow.

A wreath of orange flowers

when next we met she wore,

The expression of her features

was more thoughtful than before,

And standing by her side, was one,
who strove, and not in vain,
To soothe her leaving that dear home
she ne'er might view again.



I saw her but a moment,
yet methinks I see her now,
With a wreath of orange blossoms
upon her snowy brow.

And once again I saw that brow,
no bridal wreath was there,
The widow's sombre cap
conceal'd her once luxuriant hair;
She weeps in silent solitude,
for there is no one near,
To press her hand within his own,
and wipe away the tear!
I see her broken-hearted,
and methinks I see her now,
In the pride of youth and beauty,
with a wreath upon her brow.

Thomas Haynes Bayly.

# O NANNY, WILT THOU GO WITH ME?

O NANNY, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sight to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?

No longer drest in silken sheen,

No longer deck'd with jewels rare,

Say, can'st thou quit each courtly scene,

Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, can'st thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?
Oh, can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear,
Nor sad regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nanny, can'st thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me go;
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pang of woe?
Say, should disease or pain befall,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
Nor wistful those gay scenes recall,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die, Wilt thou receive his parting breath, Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh, And cheer with smiles the bed of death? And wilt thou o'er his breathless clav Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear, Nor then regret those scenes so gay, Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Thomas Percy D.D.



## D'YE KEN JOHN PEEL?

D'YE ken John Peel
with his coat so gay?
D'ye ken John Peel
at the break of the day?
D'ye ken John Peel
when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and
his horn in the morning?
CHORUS.—D'ye ken, etc.

'Twas the sound of his horn
brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds
has me ofttimes led;
For Peel's view holloa would
'waken the dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.
CHORUS.—D'ye ken, etc.

D'ye ken that hound whose voice is death?

D'ye ken her sons of peerless faith?



D'ye ken that a fox
with his last breath
Cursed them all as he died
in the morning!
CHORUS.-D'ye ken, etc.

Yes, I ken John Peel
and auld Ruby too,
Ranter and Royal
and Bellman so true;
From the drag to the chase,
From the chase to the view,
From the view to the death
in the morning.
CHORUS.—D'ye ken, etc.

And I've follow'd John Peel
both often and far,
O'er the rasper-fence,
the gate, and the bar,
From Low Denton side
up to Scratchmere Scar,
When we vied for the brush
in the morning.
CHORUS.=D'ye ken, etc.

Then here's to John Peel
with my heart and soul,

Come fill, fill to him
a brimming bowl:

For we'll follow John Peel
thro' fair or thro' foul,

While we're wak'd by his horn
in the morning.

CHORUS.—D'ye ken, etc.

John Woodsteck Groves.









